

## A REMARKABLE RACE.

California Mustangs—Two Hundred Miles in Eight Hours.

The San Francisco correspondent of the Chicago Tribune writes, under date of Aug. 3:—"It has long been asserted by competent horsemen that the common Mexican or California horse—or, as he is commonly designated, 'Mustang'—is the most enduring animal in the world, and that his speed, if fairly put to the test, would astonish the advocates of 'blooded stock,' high feeding, and fancy training. A few years since I was talking to an old Californian who mentioned the fact that before the cession of California to the United States the young men of Los Angeles were compelled to go to Santa Barbara for their license to marry. The distance was sixty-five miles by mountain trails and along the seashore, taking the shortest cut they could make, and yet the young caballeros made it a point of honor always to ride there and back within the twenty-four hours preceding their marriage, making the entire distance of one hundred and thirty miles, the toughest kind of riding in a hot, dry climate, with a single horse. They would leave Los Angeles after dinner, riding at a gallop all the way, and reaching Santa Barbara before midnight, take a sleep until morning, get the license and ride back in the blazing sun, arriving in season for the celebration of the nuptials in the afternoon, then dance all night at the grand ball given in honor of the auspicious event. An Englishman who heard this statement remarked instantly, 'Haw, well, that's all very well for America, but a Hindoo must have done it in all the time!' What more could be said?"

Now it is well known that the greatest feat of horsemanship ever accomplished in England was that of Mr. Osbalston, who rode 230 miles in eight hours and forty-two minutes, and he was a small man, riding large, powerful horses. No other Englishman has ever equalled that.

"In May, 1858, Jack Powers rode 150 miles in six hours, forty-three minutes, and thirty-one seconds, riding California stock; and subsequently Tom McNabb rode 200 miles in ten hours.

"About a month since a party of horsemen were discussing the question of the comparative merits of imported blooded stock and the common California mustangs, and the different styles of riding when Edward Whipple offered to bet \$2500 against \$2000 that no man could be found to ride 300 miles on fifteen consecutive horses. He was at once taken up by Louis Burns and John Cahill, who named N. H. Mowery as the man to ride. The match was all agreed upon on the spot, and since then there has been constant betting going on as to the result. You will see that he must average a mile every three minutes for fifteen consecutive hours, allowing nothing for loss of time in changing horses at every second, third, or fourth mile, accidents or unavoidable delays. The general feeling was that he could never succeed, and in the betting the odds were decidedly against him. Yesterday (Sunday, August 2), was fixed on for this race again time.

## THE RACE.

"The race took place at Bay View Park, a few miles north of the city, over a mile track, the animals, thirty in number, selected by Mr. Mowery, were the common California mustangs and half breeds, none of them full-sized, but all formed of the indomitable pluck and life which belongs to the descendants of the gallant fleets which were ridden into Spain by the Conquistadores and the man to ride, and the law of the Koran.

"Mr. Mowery is an old Californian, apparently of about the middle age, weighs 160 pounds, and rode with heavy Mexican-California saddle, Spanish bit and tree rein.

"At twenty minutes to five in the morning he sprang into the saddle, and rode the first four times around the track—that is to say four miles—at a dead run. Attendants stood ready at the stand to saddle and bring out the fresh horses as he beckoned for them in coming around; and he changed animals rapidly, riding none of them three miles after the first, and few of them more than two. The Mexican dodge of 'rushing' was constantly resorted to. An attendant would ride one-fourth or one-third of the way down the track to meet him as he came in wheeling his horse, ride back just behind him, yelling,

"Vamos iendo, who's ah camo?" and swinging his hat as if frantic. This would start the flagging animal into redoubled exertions, and he would come in fairly flying. A single sharp pull on the Spanish bit would stop the animal in a second, and in two or three more the rider would be on a fresh animal, and off again. Sometimes the mile or two miles would be ridden one way round the track, sometimes the other, in order to relieve the rider by change as far as practicable. Early in the morning the race-track was crowded with people, and before 2 P.M. the jam was immense. Up to 12 M. the rider refused all assistance in mounting and remounting, but after that his attendants would occasionally give him a lift, apparently not so much because he required it, as for fear that he might do so before the race was over. At the end of two hundred miles a rest was taken, and a placard was displayed from the judges' stand that the two hundred miles had been accomplished in eight hours, two minutes, and forty-eight seconds—thus beating by forty minutes the time made by Mr. Osbalston, with race horses in England. Then the start was made on the third hundred miles, Mr. Mowery having had a bath and otherwise refreshed himself, and appearing good for the two hundred more, if required. The bets are now changed, and large odds were offered on his winning, with but few takers, and those of the obstinate English bob-tail and pig-skin school. He now made a mile in 2:08, and the average speed was 2:39 throughout. There was a very heavy wind blowing across the track at this time, and the average speed must have been considerably unfavorably affected by this fact, nevertheless he kept up his kick, amid the cheering of the crowd, never flagging for an instant. A halt was made for a second bath, and from time to time an attendant would dash a little water over Mowery's head as he rode along. At one time a friend who was at the stand ran forward and offered his own horse for a ride over the track. Mowery was on his in an instant, and rode, not only once, but three times around. As he came round the second time, the owner made a fruitless attempt to catch him, and only succeeded in catching a fall, as the rider, sitting erect as a bronze statue, dashed past. The crowd yelled with delight at this, and as Mowery came around the third time, he turned to him to "go it again," but that would have been carrying the joke too far, and he changed horses, while the officious friend led his own away amid the jeers and cheers of the spectators.

"At eleven minutes to seven P.M., just fourteen hours and nine minutes from the start, the three hundred miles was accomplished, and a perfect roar of applause broke from the multitude as the undiscarded horseman started once more, "just for luck." The last mile was made in two minutes and nine seconds, making the unprecedented distance of

three hundred and one miles in fourteen hours eleven minutes and nine seconds, and beating anything previously accomplished in the world in this line. The judges declared the money won and announced the time. The gates were flung open, and the vast concourse in carriages of every description, on horseback, and on foot, poured out into the road towards San Francisco, an indiscriminate race on the devil take the hindmost plan being inaugurated. As the crowd streamed away towards the city, the most conspicuous object in it was an Englishman on a tall, raw-boned bay with a stamp of a tail sticking up like an abbreviated flagstaff behind, riding on a pig-skin, with short stirrups, top boots, plug hat, an eye glass and a cane. His appearance was so indescribably ludicrous by contrast with what had just been seen, that yells and roars of laughter greeted him at every jump or miles. So ended the great California mustang race against time."

## CITY INTELLIGENCE.

[FOR ADDITIONAL LOCAL ITEMS SEE OUTSIDE PAGES.]

The NAVY YARD.—Business at the Navy Yard is at present very dull, there being only about six hundred men engaged. The formidable Shumuck-on still hangs under cover in an unfinished state, but could be made ready for service in a few months. The Potomac lies at the end of the upper wharf, diminished. The Pushmataha lies near the basin, her deck being built with planks to protect her from the weather. The Antietam is in the same unfinished state as she was one year ago.

The Omaha, being built in the small shipyard, is approaching completion, most of her planking being on, and the upper works nearly finished. She can be made ready for launching in a few weeks, and will be put into commission in the spring.

ARRIVED YESTERDAY.

Sch. Marianne, steerage, 4 days from Leechville, N. C., with a cargo of coal, 1000 tons.

Arrived Philadelphia, New York, 2 days.

Malibou, 1 day from Liverpool, 2 days from London.

Arrived Liverpool, 2 days from London.

China, 2 days from Liverpool, 2 days from London.

Triton, 1 day from Liverpool, 2 days from London.

C. of Paris, 1 day from Liverpool, 2 days from London.

City of Paris, 1 day from Liverpool, 2 days from London.

For EUROPE.

City of Boston, New York, Liverpool, 2 days from London.

Bittern, 1 day from Liverpool, 2 days from London.

Alabama, 1 day from Liverpool, 2 days from London.

Ville de Paris, New York, Liverpool, 2 days from London.

Fins, 1 day from Liverpool, 2 days from London.

China, 1 day from Liverpool, 2 days from London.

City of Paris, 1 day from Liverpool, 2 days from London.

For AMERICA.

Wyoming, Philadelphia, 2 days from Liverpool, 2 days from London.

Arrived Philadelphia, 2 days from Liverpool, 2 days from London.

Arrived Liverpool, 2 days from London.

## MARINE TELEGRAPH.

For additional Marine News see First Page.

ALMANAC FOR PHILADELPHIA—THIS DAY.

SUN. AUG. 21.—5:16 MOON SETS. 9:12

MON. AUG. 22.—6:50 HIGH WATER.

TUES. AUG. 23.—6:50 HIGH WATER.

WEDNESDAY.

THURSDAY.

FRIDAY.

SATURDAY.

SUNDAY.

MONDAY.

TUESDAY.

WEDNESDAY.

THURSDAY.

FRIDAY.